

Sage Francis "Apathy And Sage On Tone Capone's Show (90.3 WRIU)"

Visit "[Apathy And Sage On Tone Capone's Show \(90.3 WRIU\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo, I'm the type of MC who blames my wackness on instrumentals
What's the deal?
I don't even rhyme no more
I'm all about speakin' rhythmatically
Wack MC's are gettin' mad at me
Sage Francis chillin' with Apathy
Yo I'm-
Yo MC's back with a scratch to be,
Coz I activate my freestyle skills
I can rock ovah the beat and still pay the bills
With a nine to five cuz all my rhymes alive
Apathetic sets it off,
Thats no jive Thats-
That's the vibe,
It's five past five
Now in my mind will thrive
If it's just chilling in the abyss of ignorance
I lay back and enjoy that ish
As I lay back and enjoy the ish,
Rappers sit back and pop bottles of cryss,
Never with this, cuz Apathetic's the type to diss a clown,
I be ill and represent the underground.
The underground as I read the sound as if there was paper confetti,
Is then cause. My machetti is rippin' through whores
Open them up from the under-neath their cuchi
Who we be?
We be the bastards who blast this suckahs with battery acid
Apathy lasted for centuries,
Cuz mentally I can destroy your enemy,
Beat him in his head til he sees ten of me
Cuz I got mental telepathy
Yo this is the epitamy
Of something that you don't think it should be
But in this vicinity it's '93
Until infinity, infinity from '93
Back even old school like '92
I can't find your crew

Oh, that was a hot qoute
Back when souls and mischief were dope,
Cuz Apathy is so hot
Check the stuff I wrote
But it stopped that I'm rockin'
Off the top of my page
As I step off the mic and pass to Sage
Sage Francis, Watch as I do dances
That are pretty dope- (laughing)
And you know I just left,
Your whole body broke
This party spoke about me after I left,
Cuz they know I stole their breath like it was a theft
I do the runnin' man
Take a quick step,
Hit the kid who played kick-step (laughing)
Back, flipped back at-
Reverse is on the tracks
Grab a knapsack, shout at your data
Cuz I be phattah than rappas,
That turn their bodies to anti-matter
Anti-matter, but nothing really does matter
Download my data into the brain,
From the dome will set the DJ unknown,
Everybody knows that I'm around here
I'm full-blown...
Shatter like bones, through the headphones
Cuz Apathetic can crush all ya clones
I'll be flexin'
Ill like a science lesson
Right now I'm tryin' to rock,
And I got a sinus infection
(Sniff) Mmh, As I breathe in through my nostril
Most people that I battle-
They just end up in a hospital
So I go there with the flowers and the pot,
The pot, the flowers-
What am i sayin?
I don't know, they just all got devoured
Still I rip through MC's,
I stand 6'2
My nose is kinda runny,
I think I need a tissue
To blow out the boogers, and to blow out the snots
Cuz when Ap rocks the spot-
Everybody's on the jock
And now they're in shock,
But this is not shock therapy
This is the person that you wanna be (laughing)
This is not the enemy himself,
Lookin' inside of the mirror

Use a CD just for the reflection.
I hear ya more clearer
Take a bite out of rhymes,
But I be breakin' MC's
So take a bite out of mine
Mmh, did I digest it?
Digestion.
Inside of my small intestine.
It's longer than anything,
But my largest organ is my skin.
Do you hear this thing,
Called hip hop era, rap or rock?
Back to blues and soul,
Who stole the effects that was on my voice
I didn't want reverb, that was the choice
You talked about the skin,
Meanin' the epidermis-
Everytime I spit my verses,
People go in the stores to purchase,
Cuz Apathetic is nice...
You pray the churches to bring me back everytime,
Because you worthless and ... (mumbling)
Worthless? What?
This is not a secret nor a service
Ya'll are nervous,
Like that label that had to shut down (laughing)
F'in clowns, inside of this town
A circus with microphones short circuit
Yo cuz there are mad pathetic
And stay transis rockin' with Apathetic
It be- Apathetic
Yo I'm bad like credit,
Cuz MC's don't wanna step at it,
Cuz I'm magnetic, electric, affective, eclectic,
And no one said it
Ya'll wanna step, Whatever
Yo I'd step
Here I go - down
Take the elevater,
I'm pushin' buttons-
I'm struttin'
Nope I gotta limp
Aw I hurt my knee
I don't know, I'm hurbin knee
I'm hurtin' myself...
Cuz, uh virtually (laughing)
I put MC's vertically or horizontally
When I be wantin' the M-I-C
Still you couldn't see me
You better knock down my lone stuff on my MP3 uh
(mumbling)

Put it on CD
Yo, did you see me on TV?
I'm talkin' about the ESP
N, I don't listen to Len
Yo, I didn't you see you on that TV-
ESPN, but I saw you on MTV with Carson Daly
Yo, I was flippin' him off
Because he's frickin soft.
He needed a break north of cost
Him inside of the racetrack,
He couldn't face facts,
So I shoved opinions down his throat
In my dominion, I broke everybody
Now they're just chilling in their body cast,
To make the party last (Yeah)
Yo Apathetic will bust a brain
I stole your girlfriend,
Jennifer what's her name.. (wooping)
Oh Love Hewitt (laughing)
Watch how I do it over the music
She had to take a toothpick,
To pick out all the pubics of her teeth,
When I released, (Yo) cuz I had beef
(laughing)
I know and then I went to find Natalie Port-man
I said Hi, My name is Zal Zan
I been lookin' at you from a distance,
For a long time, I even got a copy of your fingerprints
Yo, but hold up
Everytime Carson sees me, there's terror
Cuz now I'm tryin' to match his other girl,
Christina Aguilera, so now I'm 'bout to hit her up
Make her swallow and never spit it up,
I won't admit it though...
Yo- I like the kids from Hansen,
They're kinda fine lookin'
Oh yo' (mumbling) Nevermind
Forget about that,
I shoulda never spit some homo erotic ish in my rap
Yo I never speak words,
I only rap, forget all that crap
Ya'll know my first name is Ap,
So take that to the track
Bring it back, rewind it on the waxin'
Ya'll like my tracks
Yo- ya'll like my tracks a little bit better (AAR)
Up to their turtleneck,
What's up the Apathy's sweater (WHAT)
Yo his sweatshirt, ya'll get hurt
I exert lots of ish like there's a flirt
Your a liver,

Why you look like a taxi cab driver? (HUH)
You better jump out the cipher,
Before I plug the meter
I be the cat always rockin' new sneakers
Sit home and write rhymes with two speakers
Yo I tweaked this
Look at my sneakers,
They two years old
I can't afford any new ones
They growin' mold
Where my toe jam USED to be
And yo I know your type of ish and USED to me
Hey yo I know your sneakers are old and they got some
mold
That's probably the crap that's givin' me this --irritating
cold
Yo I gotta blow my nose,
So you can sit back and kick the flows,
While I chill and oh-
Oh look at Apathy!
He's at home cryin' about his allergy (laughing)
Hey yo don't get mad at me, just because I be blastin'
the G
Without a gap, just with my RAP!
Yo how you get dissed?
I come back with some Primoteen mist,
Spray it through my nasal,
Grab the turntable on fatal,
I get it twisted like the dradle or a dreadlock,
Put you in a headlock,
And beat you down through the granite and bedrock
Yo, your cursed like the cursed Redsocks,
Yo you need to forget,
That I do more work than the third-country sweatshops
Forget it hops, it's done
My hair falling out of my head.. ahhhh (laughing)
Hey yo,
How you gonna step the man,
Who will put you in your place?
When your whole career will prolley fall off,
Like Master Ace (Master Ace)
You can't even front it, step to me
Cuz I be Apathy,
Knockin' suckas out the galaxy
Like I said man,
This is somethin your just not used to
You never diss Master Ace,
Or anyone else in the Juice Crew (ohhhh)
(No, No)It didn't even come to you or I?
You want I, I'm not you,
Do or die!

I guess I'm only criminal minded,
Kinda subliminal or similar,
Cuz Apathy be rippin' ya,
Til I be tippin' ya over like the scales
It never fails, cuz Apathetic's ill
Body slam killer whales (laughing)
Or still out fail?
I dont know, that's alright,
I'll just drink up some ginger ale (laughing)
If I'm feelin' sick or stale
Yo, I used to cheat on tests,
Writing on my fingernail
Yo, I spent too much time in detention,
When I sit back and think about the high school
reflections,
But still, should I mention
Or maybe it was suspension,
Sittin' at home,
I felt the tension
Made my extension,
I made friends then,
I turned them into enemies (laughing)
That's the way staged friends then
You know my steise,
Yo I left them with broken bones,
And I may pee on their face (On their face)
I peed (laughing)
Yo, like I said before
You gotta pay for the pee
My pee costs losts of money
My pee is causing pregnancy,
And all the little girls who wants a piece of the penis,
Cuz its filled with pisssss
Yo, I don't play
I'll jerk off in a cup,
And sell it on Ebay (laughing)
Yo, without no delay
We'll set the tone,
He hasn't changed since forever,
I thought he was a DJ (cheering)
...

Visit [Sage Francis](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.